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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Still one more instance of the non-efficiency of government in its pretended capacity of protecting the life and property of citizens has come to light. This time it is in Flatbush, one of the outlying districts of New York City. The people there have been paying the usual amount of taxes for the support of a police force, but robbery has been increasing to such an alarming extent, without any apparent interference on the part of the police, that, in order to protect their property, Flatbush citizens have been obliged to organize their own private police force. They take turns themselves at patrolling their streets at night, and it is needless to say that, since this system has been put in practice, the breaking and entering of houses has practically ceased. But it is quite likely that even these Flatbush people fail to see that they might save the expense of the whole municipal police force by abolishing it and do their own police work, since they have to do it anyway. It might be surmised that a self-respecting police department would hereupon exhibit some evidences of shame. But how can a Tammany creature know what that is?

The mayor of Norwich, Connecticut, Mr. Charles F. Thayer, has recently given forth some utterances on the same question that has occupied the attention of the president of the United States, namely, that of race suicide. There is a divergence, however, in the views of the mayor from those of the president,—a divergence distinctly to the credit of the former. Here is a sentence that ought to make Teddy and his tuppenny law officer of the post-office department wince: "It seems to me that quality is as important as quantity, and that the breeding of the human animal deserves as much care and consideration as the breeding of horses, dogs, and hogs." If this means anything at all (but of course it doesn't to the present administration), it means that there should be no interference with the free discussion, in the press and otherwise, of all questions relating to the breeding of the human animal. But Robert Pennyweight Goodwin, evidently a direct descendant of Dogberry, would have all such discussion confined to the private office of the family physician. For the good of the race, Goodwin should not be in it.

So far our big bluffer of the strenuous life has hypnotized almost everybody into the belief that he ended the late war in the far east. Even C. E. S. Wood, of "The Pacific Monthly," usually so clear sighted and perspicacious, has fallen under the spell, and has tendered his tribute of praise to the pretender. As a matter of fact, few people of any importance have dared to tell the truth about this matter, which is that a treaty of peace would have been signed and the war stopped whether Roosevelt or any other potentate had taken a hand in the affair. Both of the belligerent nations had about reached the limit of their borrowing capacity; one had enough of war and the other wanted no more; the wiser men in Russia saw that nothing could be gained and much might be lost by continuing the fighting, and the wiser men in Japan saw that, despite the popular desire to go on, it meant national bankruptcy to do so. Under these conditions it was as inevitable that the two nations should soon make peace as it is that water should run down hill, and the intervention of a third party was no more essential to that consummation than it was in the many wars of the past in which the fighting nations came to terms without outside assistance. Roosevelt deserves whatever credit attaches to the offering of neutral ground upon which the envoys could meet, and he *may* have brought them together a few weeks sooner than they otherwise would have met; but, in the meantime, practically no fighting was going on, so the much lauded benefit to humanity was a negligible quantity. In the history of the world has no person derived so much glory from such a meager achievement; and in no country but the United States could a man have so badly fooled all the people.

False Sentiment the Bane of Penal Law.

The following are some extracts from an article in "The Advance" (a religious publication), by Charlton T. Lewis, late president of the National Prison Association, and show a rather more than ordinarily clear conception of the question of the punishment of crime:

No body of laws has ever been framed for the treatment of criminals, with the good of the community as the avowed end in view. The system is founded on a cruder idea. . .

For example, the longest sentence for bigamy in one State is one year, in another twenty-one years; a perjurer in one can only be fined, in another shut up for five years, and in still another for life. In Kentucky incest is punished more than four times severely as perjury, but across the river, in Indiana, perjury is more than four times as heinous as incest. For burglary, under mitigating circumstances, a fine of ten dollars is imposed in New Jersey, but in Alabama the burglar is imprisoned a year, and in other States for many years. Such illustrations are multiplied upon every page of our penal laws. Nor are these extraordinary discrepancies corrected in practice by the courts. The actual records of the prisons show that the average sentence passed for perjury is ten times as long in Florida as in Maine; that for incest is fifteen times as long in Louisiana as in Pennsylvania; that for rape is seventeen times as long in New Mexico and twelve times as long in Texas as in Louisiana; that for robbery is twelve times as long in Alabama as in Delaware, and nineteen times as long in Arizona as in California. If the purpose of penal law is to do justice, which of the States attains it?

Thus the notion of retributive justice in penal law is a mockery and a delusion. There is no semblance to comparative equity in such awards. The difficulty is the impossibility of the task undertaken. There is no measure of guilt known to the human mind.

What can scientific method do for the reform of penal law? The first step must be to select the end to be sought. This is evidently the good of the community. In dealing with crime, the welfare of the whole body of citizens is the purpose to aim at: the protection of civil order and of the rights of person and property; in short, the elimination of crime.

How, then, shall it deal with the criminal? The answer is obvious. If a man is such in nature or habit that he cannot be a member of a free society, and that his fellows are not secure while he is free, he must be removed.

On the other hand, since there is no good reason for imprisoning a man except for the protection of society, no man should be consigned to prison until it is shown that he cannot be at large with safety to others. This simple principle would narrowly limit the use of jails. We are prodigal of them now, and hold in confinement many thousands without the only justification possible. What, then, shall be done with the multitude of casual offenders who throng our courts? The question is to be decided upon the same principle, the welfare of the community. Experience shows that the system of imprisonment of minor offenders for short terms is but a gigantic measure for the manufacture of criminals. Our county jails everywhere are the schools and colleges of crime. In the light of social science, it were better for the world if every one of them were destroyed, than that this work should be continued. But as houses of detention, properly constructed and widely used, they might be made useful aids in our jurisprudence.

Thoughts from Huxley.

The longer I live, the more obvious it is to me that the most sacred act of a man's life is to say and to feel, "I believe such and such to be true."

Those who elect to be free in thought and deed must not hanker after the rewards, if they are to be so called, which the world offers to those who put up with its fetters.

I have always been, am, and propose to remain a mere scholar. All that I have ever proposed to myself, is to say, this and this have I learned; thus and thus have I learned it; go thou and learn better, but do not thrust on my shoulders the responsibility for your own laziness if you elect to take, on my authority, conclusions, the value of which you ought to have tested for yourself.

Harmonious order governing eternally continuous progress; the web and woof of matter and force interweaving by slow degrees, without a broken thread, that veil which lies between us and the infinite; that universe which alone we know, or can know; such is the picture which science draws of the world.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the excisenan, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The Warren Biography.

Liberty is pleased to be able to announce that the publication of William Bailie's book on Josiah Warren is assured, subscriptions covering about half of the cost having been received. Mr. Bailie himself will assume the risk of the rest of the cost. The manuscript is now in the hands of the printer, and the book is promised for delivery early in December. Those who have subscribed may therefore forward their remittances to the editor of Liberty, and the book will be mailed to them as soon as it is ready.

Mr. Bailie writes that the biography proper will be preceded by an introductory essay on "The Anarchist Spirit," which, he says, might be called a brief exposition of the leading principles of Anarchism as exemplified in modern thought and literature,—an attempt, in short, to define Anarchist belief in relation to other social forces. It might be added that several critics, not admirers of Warren or particularly in sympathy with his beliefs, have, upon reading the manuscript of Mr. Bailie's book, grown quite enthusiastic as to its merits. It is not, therefore, a temerarious assertion to predict that "Josiah Warren: the First American Anarchist" will be an Anarchist classic.

Boss Ivins.

As a rule, political contests do not excite me, knowing as I do that the results of counting heads afford an index even less reliable than those of breaking heads to the growth or decline of human liberty. But I confess to a feeling of considerable elation on returning to New York recently after a long absence from home and learning that my old, though not intimate, friend, William M. Ivins, was in the thick of a three-cornered fight for the New York mayoralty, his competitors being the horrible Hearst, malodorous candidate of a not absolutely nauseating following, and the immaculate McClellan, the nominee put forward by malodorous Tammany with a view to the nullification of its own stench.

I have known Mr. Ivins for nearly thirty years. Our acquaintance began when both of us were young and obscure. Since then we have met but rarely, having been engaged in different lines of work that have given each of us a reputation,—his a reputation intense and local, as a political reformer and financial administrator, mine a reputation extense, diffuse, and sporadic, as an extreme representative of one of the two great sociological tendencies that to-day divide the world. Of my career he probably knows little, but I have watched his rather steadily, and have ever noted in him the student with inordinate thirst for knowledge, the thinker of tremendously keen and penetrating vision, the practical executive of almost the first order, the steadfast striver after high ideals, the bold, picturesque, resourceful, untiring, and surprising fighter, the sympathetic and kindly friend, and, everywhere and always, the clean and upright gentleman. And so, on hearing of his candidacy and of the admirable independence with which he was conducting his campaign, I said to myself: "Futile as all voting is, still, if Ivins shall be elected, this town for four years to come will be a mighty interesting place of residence," and there stole into my being a sneaking hope that he might win his fight.

How quickly this hope gave place to my usual political indifference when one evening Mr. Ivins injected into his speech a warm approval of Tammany's suppression of Bernard Shaw's masterpiece, "Mrs. Warren's Profession"! How empty after that seemed the candidate's nightly boast: "No man is my boss, and I am no man's boss"! How promptly all matters of graft and inefficiency and waste and theft dwindled into insignificance beside this assault on free speech, all the more dangerous because made by a man of indubitably high character! "No man's boss," indeed! Here is Bernard Shaw. Broad as is the culture of Ivins, Shaw's is broader; admire as you may the devotion of Ivins, Shaw's is superior; enjoy as you may the wit of Ivins, Shaw's is finer; emphasize as you will the sincerity of Ivins, Shaw's is even surer. And, as for the audiences that are eager to listen to Shaw, there is simply no ground of comparison between their high intelligence and the vulgarity of the rabble to whom Ivins generally appeals. Yet Mr. Ivins presumes to say to Mr. Shaw: "You shall not speak," and to Mr. Shaw's hearers: "You shall not listen." It would be the height of impudence, were it not out of the question that Mr. Ivins should harbor the intent of impudence. "No man's boss," indeed! Does he not constitute himself Mr. Shaw's boss and Mr. Arnold Daly's boss and my boss and the boss of every one who dares to differ with Mr. Ivins and his rabble? It is in the hope of leading him to see that bossism is a much more far-reaching thing than he supposes that I refer to him, in the caption of this article, as Boss Ivins. T.

The Philosophy of Egoism.

Just after the last number of Liberty had gone to press there came to hand a copy of the master work of the late James L. Walker, for many years a contributor to Liberty under the pen-name of "Tak Kak." The first fifteen chapters of the book were printed in "Egoism," published at San Francisco some fifteen years ago by Henry and Georgia Replogle. The remaining eleven chapters are now first published and the whole is brought out by the author's widow, Mrs. Katharine Walker, at Denver, Colorado. (There is an edition in cloth at seventy-five cents and one in paper at thirty-five cents, both of which can be had of H. P. Replogle, P. O. Box 1307, Denver, Colorado, or of the publisher of Liberty.)

To those who have read Tak Kak's scholarly contributions to Liberty, no word of introduction or of commendation is necessary. It is enough to say that in this work is concentrated the best thought of a remarkably brilliant and versatile mind, no clearer or more concise exposition of the philosophy of Egoism ever having been given to the world. To those perennial inquirers who wish to know what Egoism is, this book can be cited and recommended, for the language is simple yet elegant English, lucid in style, and withal most readable, even to fascination. Duty, Conscience, Moralism, Right, and all the fetiches and superstitions which have infested the human intellect since man ceased to walk on four feet, are annihilated, swept away, relegated to the rubbish heap of the waste of human intelligence that has gone on through the progress of the race from its infancy.

There is scarcely any human relation that Mr. Walker has not discussed, elucidated, and set forth in the light of this philosophy, while the realities of life (viewed from the "Egoistic standpoint) are sharply contrasted to the absurd unrealities of life (viewed from the Altruistic standpoint). This is one of the few books so tersely written that, to review it adequately, a volume larger than the book itself would have to be written. There is not a word too much—there is not a necessary word left unsaid. The person who can read this volume without acquiring an intelligent grasp of the underlying motives of the human ego is beyond the reach of any intellectual stimulant; and no person can assimilate the conclusions of this rare philosopher without a sense of sincere admiration for the mind whence they emanated.

The author has gone to the bottom of the problem. He has been an earnest investigator and shows his familiarity with the work of all those who have hitherto written on the subject, especially that of Stirner and Nietzsche.

Henry P. Replogle, who has assisted in the publication of the book, has added to it a quite comprehensive biographical sketch of Mr. Walker, in which especially are given the details (not heretofore published) of the author's last illness and tragical death briefly noticed in No. 386 of Liberty. His death was tragical, because, if left alone, he could have saved himself. He was a physician and had pulled himself through a case of yellow fever; but, before he had regained his normal strength, he was unfortunate enough to contract small-pox. Being in Mexico, he was at once taken in hand by the health authorities of that medically benighted land, and to their dosing and otherwise unscientific treatment he succumbed, well knowing all the time that he was being murdered, but helpless in their hands. What more terrible tragedy than that this fertile and indefatigable intellect should be snuffed out in its prime as an offering to the Moloch of ignorance!

C. L. S.

The "What Does It Matter" Philosophy.

Liberty's readers may not be aware of the fact that the republic—or Anarchy, rather—of thought and speculation has had a new philosophy born unto it—the philosophy of "what does it matter." Its latest and best expounder is Mr. C. E. S. Wood, of Portland, with whose intellectual and literary qualities the aforesaid readers are not unfamiliar, I am glad to say. Yielding to the request of a perplexed friend, Mr. Wood presented in a recent issue of "The Pacific Monthly" a persuasive and interesting defence of that philosophy.

I have read the statement or argument with much pleasure, but a little reflection satisfied me that the pleasure was purely aesthetic. The charm, in other words, was in the manner, not in the matter. I know less about the "what does it matter" philosophy than I did before. The distinctions made by our friend escape my grasp. He either has three philosophies in one, with the "one" a thing of shreds and patches, or no philosophy at all, in the exposition in question.

Meeting an offhand objection, Mr. Wood says at the outset of his philosophy:

> It does not mean that it is useless to make individual effort; it means that, having made our honest effort, let the result take care of itself.
>
> The philosophy of "what does it matter" is one of proportions, not of conduct; of view, not of motives; of self-obliteration, not of self-seeking; of stimulation, not of despair; it is the philosophy of "what does it matter," not of "what is the use."

Let me begin by remarking that any philosophy "of view" is necessarily a philosophy "of conduct," and of course a philosophy of conduct is a philosophy of motive. If we think that certain things matter, we act in a certain way; if we think or feel that the things do not matter, we act in another way.

Mr. Wood says that the quintessence of his philosophy is this: Having made an honest effort, let the result take care of itself. This very formula is a denial of the alleged philosophy, for, apparently, it does matter whether we make an honest effort or not, and it does matter whether, after the honest effort, we do or do not let the results take care of themselves. If *some* things matter, then there is no "what does it matter" philosophy.

Some of the illustrative passages in Mr. Wood's article suggest that his real philosophy is a "what do *I* matter" philosophy—a very different thing. Other passages point to a "what does praise or blame matter" philosophy—also a very different, and far less important, thing, hardly rising, indeed, to the dignity of the name of philosophy.

"Will the world stop though the greatest of us die? What are the greatest of us"—asks Mr. Wood—"but the fruit of mere [why "mere"?] pre-existent ideals and forces?" and he continues:

> Therefore, every individual should say of himself and to himself, "What do I matter? What am I that eternity should be mindful of me?" Though man is full of prying curiosity, yet, on the whole, he, too, is as indifferent to individuals as is nature herself. Who really cares who wrote the "Iliads" and "Odysseys"? A blind bard, Homer? Or twenty men? No one cares. What we really care for is that the world has the Homeric poems. Who in fact really cares who wrote the Shakspearean dramas—Shakspere or Bacon? It is food for controversy. But the world only cares and will only care that it has this treasure house of poetry. The world does not really care so much whether Christ was the son of God, immaculately conceived.

The implication of this reasoning is that the individual does not matter, while his work, when great and significant, does matter. But who ever denied this, and what theoretical or practical significance has such a "philosophy"? Shakspere matters to us because his work matters; to say that, if the same work had been done by Smith, the world would not have suffered any loss is to utter a truism.

Moreover, the distinction is verbal. If my work matters, I matter. We know persons only by their work, by the manifestations of their individualities in speech and action. By their fruits ye shall know them.

The passage which follows that just quoted runs thus:

> Therefore the philosophy of "what does it matter" says: If you have written a book or painted a picture or done any other act, take no thought to yourself, and of yourself concerning it; and of all praise say, "What does it matter? If what I have done be not truly good, praise can not make it so, time must tell." And if you be damned and ridiculed, say, "What does it matter? This condemnation does not make my work bad; time and the great mother must tell." And if your friends or your enemies urge you to advertise yourself and strut before the people and let people know what a mighty man you are—say, "What does it matter? If anything I have done be good the world will surely find it out, and, if it be bad, that also will be found out, and it were better I leave it to live or die as it ought to live or die according to its real worth."

This is the paragraph which seems to resolve the whole philosophy into one of indifference to praise and blame. I repeat, no thoughtful man does care overmuch whether his contemporaries praise or blame him if he is conscious of having made an honest effort. But Mr. Wood's own words imply that, in the long run, praise and blame do matter. How does the world "find out" anything except through the opinions of critics, judges, observers, historians, and so on? An appeal to posterity is not, therefore, evidence of indifference to praise and blame; it is only evidence of indifference to contemporary judgments. Hence, even the "what does praise or blame matter" philosophy is whittled down by qualifications.

Toward the end of the article Mr. Wood throws his whole philosophy overboard. For he tells us that "to be ourselves is what matters"; "to joy in our own blossoming" without self-consciousness or pride or vanity; "to help mankind on to freedom, the appointed goal; to sing them songs by the way, reckless as larks—this is what matters; and whatsoever be in us to do, that we will do in spite of all philosophy."

Now, if it matters whether we are true to ourselves, then the "I," the "ego," matters, as well as the ego's work, which flatly contradicts an earlier affirmation. If it matters whether we work for freedom, then freedom matters, and work matters. What, then, is left of the "what does it matter" philosophy? What does the "it" in the formula refer to?

Yes, we do what we must without regard to philosophy. But philosophy explains us to ourselves and assigns us our place in nature. It enables us to understand "the appointed goal," freedom, and appreciate its value, and by doing this for us it renders it easier for us to "help mankind on to freedom." But the philosophy which does this is not in any sense a "what does it matter" philosophy. S. R.

What Will Anarchy Do with Fraud?

Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty. This is French for "You have to watch forever before you see a copy of Liberty coming." One must consider, therefore, when one of these rare opportunities comes, how we may best utilize it. There are several topics on which I really want to write for Liberty; but on the whole I do not believe there is any that presses me harder, in days when breaths of air come a few months apart, than the question I have put at the head of this article. For when I think my lonely thoughts to myself while I am separated from my fellow-Anarchists by Liberty's non-appearance, I find these thoughts take such courses that the answering of this question seems to be the key to unlock the next door before me.

I believe it is part of the acknowledged formula of Anarchism that we regard certain cases of gross fraud as equivalent to force in justifying the use of force against them. It is so laid down in my "What is Anarchism?" which passes unchallenged, and sometimes commended, as a statement of the principles Liberty stands for; and when I wrote it thus I did so because I had been so taught by those who gave me my training in Anarchism. But this leaves us to consider two hard points: first, what frauds, if not every untruth of whatever sort, shall be held to constitute invasion? and second, what relation does this bear to the fundamental necessities upon which Anarchism is based? And I am surprised that our opponents do not oftener assail us for making no attempt at fencing off such a very broad field.

Reasons for desiring to suppress fraud are easy enough to find. Fraud robs a man of his money just as totally as burglary does; it is much more likely to sweep away the scanty savings of the poor than is any form of forcible robbery; and I think we shall all find that we grow angry to the verge of the lynching fever far oftener over cases of fraud than over any other crimes against property. Furthermore, fraud can be used as a means of murder and the like, particularly if the murderer enjoys the confidence of his intended victim; the actual occurrence of abuses of confidence for this purpose is well known,—for instance, in cases of poisoning; and, if we were to rule that a man who caused another's death by deliberately making him believe that a certain action was desirable when in fact it would be fatal—poisoning remains the most obvious instance—should be free from the penalty of murder, we should be setting up a sign-board pointing to a way of committing murder without incurring the penalty.

Yet we start with the view that decidedly the best social order is that in which each man determines his own life, for good or for evil to himself and to others; and how does the man who lies to me interfere with my determination of my own life any more than if he affected my environment by—for instance—bringing up in

my neighborhood a large family of ignorant children? And we have all seen, in the Helen Wilmans case, how easily provisions against fraud may operate as provisions against free speech. The man who robs me by forcible interferes with my life by an external act against which I cannot provide except by forcible repression; the man who robs me by fraud simply plays me a trick against which I might have guarded myself by the exercise of business prudence; let me be simply told to practise this prudence, and it will be well for me.

Nay, but the prudence which should fully suffice to protect me against fraud would have to consist in such absolute distrust of strangers as would block all business life; and the caution which should fully suffice to secure men against having any of their number poisoned by those near to them, would have to be such a withdrawal of all trustfulness in the most intimate relations as would almost make an end of society. It is not socially desirable, it would be a supreme calamity, that men should have such caution as to do away with the need of other measures against fraud. We do get partial protection by tolerable caution; yet it would be a great social benefit if even this existing caution could be made needless.

Do these arguments make a decision easy? Not to me.

Some time ago, writing in Liberty on an aspect of the marriage question, I propounded the view that it is not Anarchistic to enforce specific performance of any contract by proceeding against the non-performer's person; but that, if by custom or otherwise a certain contract was understood to imply a warranty that certain money would be paid in the event of its breach, then the contract was an incipient transfer of the title to property, which transfer became complete when the contract was broken, so that the aggrieved party had the same ground for now claiming possession of this property as for claiming any other property of his that might be held out of his hands; this claim, so far as it rests on these grounds, being limited to the amount of value that has been continuously owned by the delinquent since the contract was made, or since he acted in such a way as to let it be understood that he still accepted the contract. This was not contradicted, and I think it will be found the fairest interpretation of Anarchist principle on these points, at least in the ordinary circumstances of life. Now on the same principles I think we may recognize a rule so far as we find it existing, or make it so far as we think best, that, when a man speaks in such a way as to make it appear that he understands he is speaking responsibly, he pledges his property as a warrant for his words to an extent limited by his continuous possession as above, and probably also by the actual damage done to those who may complain of him for fraud. And the operation of this rule may be limited as much or as little as we like by such considerations as *de minimis non curat lex, interest rei publicae finem esse litigationis, summum jus summa injuria, contra bonos mores,* and the like.

One limitation I think there must be, to this and any other provision against fraud, or free speech is not safe. The limitation should in my mind be something like this: misstatement about matters which in their essence can never be anything but opinion, such as in general are morality, hygiene, and the cure of diseases, must never be accepted as constituting a criminal fraud, no matter how well settled the true opinion may be; but misstatement in matters objectively determinable by merely going and observing a plain fact, such as statements of measurable quantity or the specific action of certain drugs in causing purging, cardiac depression, sleep, or death, shall constitute criminal fraud whenever the other elements of such fraud are present—within the limits of the observed standards of carefulness and trustfulness in actual human life. I would not make the distinction on the ground of certainty, but of objectivity; it may be much more certain that the Spanish bull-fight is a degrading institution than that certain disputed markings exist on the moon or Mars, nevertheless the former is a matter of opinion and the latter of testimony. I do not conceal the difficulty of knowing quite where to draw my line in some cases; but I am pretty sure I have the right line, and I will give my reasons on demand.

So far we have a provision—adequate or not—against pecuniarily assessable frauds by solvent persons, and on the other hand a declaration of an unprosecutable freedom of misstatement when the listener may be charged with knowledge that the subject-matter does not admit of a purely objective certainty. There remain the harder questions of frauds committed by deceit in matters of ascertainable fact when (1) they are committed by persons not solvent to the amount of the damage done, or (2) the damage is not pecuniarily assessable.

I think we may get light by considering the analogy of some cases of physical aggression in which the element of invasion is more or less disguised.

If in an unappropriated forest a man secretly puts poison in a spring where he knows there is a chance that another will drink, or sets a trap where he knows there is a chance that another will pass, and thereby somebody loses life, limb, or some hours of liberty, we hold the first man an invader; yet if he gives due warning to all who might be endangered, he is clear. How so? He in no case interfered with his neighbor's liberty to roam through the woods, exercising any prudence he saw fit with regard to hidden dangers either natural or artificial; and, if the creation of a danger is held to be invasive, how does this come to constitute an obligation of speech, so that a man's criminality now depends on his no longer calling his tongue his own? Why, because man's action is action on his knowledge, and his liberty of action must be a liberty of acting on his knowledge. I cannot go through the woods except on the basis of what I know of the woods; if any one puts the woods in such shape that my knowledge becomes less adequate for avoiding danger to my life there, he bars me from the possibility of going there in the same degree of security; and to bar me from a possibility is to bar me from a liberty. And to fix things so that, in my ignorance, I shall hurt myself by running against them, is the same aggression as to impel these things at me so that, with the same degree of certainty, they shall hit me and hurt me.

Just so it is, I think, with frauds. It is impossible in society to divorce my knowledge from the information I receive from my neighbor. If a man puts poison where he expects me to mistake it for something eatable, his offence consists in putting the facts out of harmony with my knowledge. If he tells me a thing is eatable when he knows it to be poisonous, he puts my knowledge out of harmony with the facts, which comes to the same thing. It is essential to all practical liberty of action that the correspondence between my knowledge and the facts be not disturbed by the malice or recklessness of another. And I may claim a proper liberty to be credulous without thereby suffering any of these aggressions from him.

I conclude, therefore, that, if one causes injury to any one's person or property by deceiving any one as to any matter of fact (as distinguished from opinion), the action that may Anarchistically be taken is the same as if the same result had been produced by physical force; this being limited by the extent to which men in general are actually careful about the accuracy of what they say, and by the extent to which men do in general put confidence in what is told them. This last restriction may perhaps be considered analogous to the fact that I have no claim for damages if an injury results from my not being warned of what some one did in the woods when he had no reasonable ground to fear that it might hurt me.

I write this partly in order to clear my own mind, not much for the sake of instructing others, but most of all in order to find out what others think on the point. I can see that part of my arguments will seem undesirably indirect, and that my conclusion will seem to some of our friends undesirably sweeping. Yet I rather think, after all, that my conclusion will be found correct and correctly based. I wish that those who may oppose me would take cognizance of whether their arguments do or do not apply equally to the case of traps in the woods; it can hardly be necessary to ask also that they take cognizance of the exigencies of practical life as we see it; but most especially I wish that, if any one finds me to be wrong, he would show me why, in whatever form he does it.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

A Book of Iconoclasts.

Henrik Ibsen, August Strindberg, Henry Becque, Gerhart Hauptmann, Paul Hervieu, Bernard Shaw, Maxim Gorky, Hermann Sudermann, the De Goncourts, D'Annunzio, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Maurice Maeterlinck—such is the group of mighty playwrights which James Huneker has selected from eight nations to represent the iconoclastic spirit of the modern drama. They more than represent it,—they embody it; for one can think of but few that could be added. It is true that Tolstoï might have been substituted for the De Goncourts, and thus have added, perhaps, a little more of sociological interest to the work. But, after reading what Mr. Huneker has to say of these, his "Iconoclasts" (Scribner's), it is clear that the title of the book has been considered in a very broad sense, and that the images broken are those of the traditions of the technique of dra-

maturgy as well as of the traditions of subject-matter. Superstitions about *how* things should be said on the stage, as well as the much less disembodied specters of *what* should be said, are struck with a cruel hand; and the wreck and ruin that are left behind have served as a rich compost heap out of which has sprung, and grown with a healthy rankness, the most wonderful dramatic literature of a wonderful half century. Mr. Huneker has not pointed this out to us in so many words, but his book cannot be read without having that conclusion forced home. Not during the whole period between Æschylus and the end of the first half of the nineteenth century did such revolutionary changes take place in the manner of treating human emotions upon the stage as have occurred since Ibsen first began launching—in 1850—his mighty thunderbolts against the cruelties of custom, the injustices of power, and all the petty things of modern civilization whose elimination, if only it could be accomplished, would purify human existence and make life much more worth living for uncounted millions.

Mr. Huneker has written with that charming lucidity which only the trained journalist can command; and, because of this,—because also, of the wide range of his knowledge of things dramatic, since many of the plays of which he writes he has seen produced in the lands and in the languages of their origin,—we can forgive, or at least overlook, the offhand, careless, and sometimes even slightly sensational, manner in which these essays are composed, for be it remembered that they were originally served up in a daily paper for busy men on their way to their offices or at home on a Sunday morning while their wives are at church. One may read a page or a chapter, as he chooses, and get a definite and clear conception of some part of the work of the authors reviewed. To some of Ibsen's plays, for example, one paragraph alone is deemed sufficient, and perhaps in that the essential, underlying purpose is given, which is often more important and more interesting than an actual synopsis of the plot. And then Ibsen has been so prolific. To him alone could be devoted more than one volume, if any attempt were made to consider his stupendous work in detail. As it is, he has 138 of the 429 pages which are divided among the more than a dozen playwrights.

This book is of peculiar interest to people whose minds turn to the solution of social problems, because the author himself is as much of an iconoclast as many of those of whom he writes, and is an admirer and appreciator, not only of such men as Nietzsche and Zola and Emerson and Whitman, but also of Max Stirner and John Henry Mackay. His is the viewpoint of an individualist and an Egoist; and he is not afraid to speak of Anarchism because he knows what it means. The charm of his conception of the work of the various dramatists is heightened by the fact that, with his philosophy and with his vast comprehension of the motives which underlie their work, with his extraordinary capacity for the evaluation of results, he is exceptionally well fitted to criticise and discuss the work of men who, more than any others whose object is the uplifting of humanity, have gone direct to the bottom of human emotions, human experiences, human possibilities, hopes, and ideals. And he has done for all these dramaturgical iconoclasts what Bernard Shaw in "The Perfect Wagnerite" did for the great musical iconoclast—he has helped us to understand them. C. L. S.

Irrelevancies.

Below are printed some extracts from Ernst von Wolzogen's "Das dritte Geschlecht" which have been translated by Bertha Marvin, followed by some remarks by the latter, all of which will undoubtedly be of interest to Liberty's readers, especially to those who are not already familiar with the book.

The gentleman whose voice the listener outside had heard was no other than Franz Xaver Pirngruber, Frau von Robiceck's agreeable cycle "uncle," and if Raoul de Kerkhove could have looked through an opening in the curtain, he would surely have been green to his ears with envy. For Franz Xaver Pirngruber, the popular artist, was sitting on the sofa, holding Lilli von Robiceck on his knees and showering kisses on her sweet little face, whispering with breathless delight: "You—my sweet one—my only one—you don't know at all how madly I love you—you are altogether too stupid to know about it—you can't possibly understand it! O, you! you! Three days you have let me wait and not even sent me a greeting—aren't you ashamed, you dear, sweet, lazy little thing, you? And you promised me that you would write and tell me when I should come."

"But you should not come at all, sir," laughed the little lady, while she struggled in vain to free herself. We had settled it 'as little brother and sister'; but you don't keep our agreement. You are far too stormy with me."

"Yes, my angel, I'm very sorry, but I can't be otherwise; that's my idea of love." And again he pressed the dainty form to him and his mouth to her soft lips.

"Let me go!" groaned Frau von Robiceck; "I don't like it." She had strength in her arms; she pushed herself so hard against his chest that he was forced to let her go at last. Then she went behind the table and smoothed her dress and hair. "Horrid man!" she scolded. "Ough—no, to make one so much warmer—on such a hot day! Why did you come, then, Mr. Pirngruber, when I did not invite you?"

"No, what is it, then?" cried he, sadly. "But Lilli, mouse, what has happened to make you so perverse?"

"O, nothing at all. It's only—O, it is abominable, anyway! A dreadful existence! I wish I were so hideous that every man would have to look away when he met me!"

"But Lilli! Come, tell me what has happened to you." He rose from the sofa, went to her and gently laid his arm around her shoulders. She stood there and nervously pulled at her fine jacket and said, not looking at him: "O, I had thought it would be nice to dress a little and then go leisurely to dinner, and then walk about a little with my new parasol that the prince gave me, and then sleep for an hour or two—throw everything aside and really go to sleep—that is what I like best—and then toward evening, when it would be a little cooler, then we might perhaps go into the woods on our wheels and stop somewhere and rest and talk."

"Well, we can do all that. Then why are you so out of sorts, darling?"

"I am not your darling!" she cried, turning petulantly away from him. "I don't want to be anybody's darling. What is it, anyway, but a senseless relationship! You don't want to show yourself anywhere with me, because all the world knows you and I must always say 'Sir' to you *before* everyone and play such a farce, and then you come whenever you feel like it, and overwhelm me with tender caresses, and, when you have kissed me till you are satisfied, you go away and leave me in my miserable loneliness. What do I have in such a love? Am I just something to take down from a shelf whenever one feels like it and then be put away again? Must I not lose all self-respect?"

"But what is it, then? Don't you care for me at all, Lilli?" He looked sorrowfully at her with his good-natured blue eyes and stretched out his hands toward her.

Then she put her arms about his neck and said, in her soft plaintive tones: "Don't be vexed with me, my dear one! I love you—you are the best of all, I know that; and you don't think badly of me, but——"

"But?" he asked, as she did not finish her sentence. Then he sat down on the nearest chair and drew her again on his knee. "Say, Lilli, tell me what you would like. We have agreed that neither of us will ever limit the freedom of the other in the least. Would you rather have some one to marry?"

"For God's sake, don't talk about marrying!"

"So, then, you know I have a good wife whom I both love and esteem; you can't ask any foolish pretences from me. I saw you and fell in love with you and was drawn to you as the moth to the light. And because you are so clever, not only pretty, you promised me that you would only shine on me and not burn me. You would only *be* there for me and shine on me and I might delight in your brightness and your warmth, and I would thank you by giving to the little lamp from my oil; you should share my soul life, you lovely creature, and I would trim your light when it grew dim for lack of fresh life air. Only that. Our love should glorify our lives, following the precept: beautify thy home! Beautify every corner of thy soul, say I, that thou mayst feel contentment with thyself. I believe that every artist has need of this—and you are also an artist—you tiny, delicate Lilli. But not with the brush, you understand, only an artist in yourself, in your sensitiveness. You have created a master work and that is your own self—I would only keep you from flinging your own great work away. I would only educate you to artistic self-enjoyment."

She threw herself on his neck and softly kissed him and when, after a while, he took her little head between his hands to look into her eyes, he saw that they were full of tears.

"What is it?" he said gently.

"O, I don't know, I am so ashamed of myself," she answered, speaking very low. And then she sat up, dried her eyes with her handkerchief, and stared thoughtfully before her. She drew her fingers through his curly blond hair and then she spoke: "O God, if I had only been born a man! What might not have been made of me! But now my whole life is a shameful thing. I am only a *little woman*, and wherever I show myself, the little men run after me as the dogs on the street. I am 'charming' in the most abominable meaning of the word! When one is young and doesn't know the man animal at all, one finds it only a play; one becomes coquettish—that is so natural that it can't be otherwise. And the men imagine that we are all so delighted when they all dance about us. I know it perfectly well; I might be the stupidest goose or the most common woman—it would be all the same. O, I tell you, sometimes I am seized with such a rage that I could scratch my face or pour vitriol over it. Could there be any greater shame than to be considered as such a 'little woman'? If I were only a silly girl, all vanity and sensuality, and found pleasure in throwing myself into the arms of one suitor after another! But I swear to you, there is no need in me of a lover—I could live in a nunnery and I would be sacrificing nothing. If I only had the faith, I would go into one."

"O, you poor creature, you make me so sorry for you!" he said, earnestly, without looking at her.

"There you have it!" she cried, laughing hoarsely and her fine features became distorted. "Pity, ha, ha! That is the most that I can win from the best of you. And what will remain for me when I am old and ugly? Contempt. Is it not so? The human being in me, whom you never wanted to know, will first become an object of scorn when the woman doesn't attract you any more. 'She has an eventful Past,' you will say; and you will laugh behind my back when you see me decked out like a young girl, one who cannot be honored in age because she has wasted her youth!"

Franz Xaver Pirngruber said nothing and only smoothed her arm tenderly. She looked questioningly at him and then he spoke:

"Do you know, dear Lilli, I believe you ought to marry again as soon as you are fortunate enough to be free from your first husband."

"Thank you very much! a good advice," she said, laughing, as she stood up. She lighted a cigarette and threw herself on the sofa. "Do you know, my dear, how it goes with me in marriage—in any marriage? In the first place, no one would take me but a foolish donkey very much in love—and then I disappoint him fearfully because I can't give him what he seeks behind my beauty and my coquetry, and then he treats me brutally and embitters every hour of my life with his jealousy. So it was with my first husband, and so it would be with any other. No, my dear, you will have to think of some other plan for me."

"Then there is only one other course—you must secure for yourself an independent existence," he said, quickly.

"With what, then, please; with the brush, perhaps?"

"O, no!" he cried, almost alarmed. "Wait, I have a splendid idea! You have another talent of far greater meaning and, if you are not afraid to use it, you may thereby secure the esteem of the world and perhaps inner contentment also. Shall I tell you? But you must really not be angry with me!"

"No, no, no, only tell me!"

And he took a letter that lay on the table, drew from his pocket a pencil and wrote:

LILLI VON ROBICECK,
Modes et Robes.

This he handed her across the table, saying: "That is your rescue."

. . . . . .

Franz Xaver Pirngruber learned the news from his wife and his face grew pale as he heard it—so acute was his suffering in anticipation of his friend's misfortune. One evening he summoned all his fortitude and went to see Lilli after her business hours. She had just dismissed her seamstresses and was about to sit down to her simple evening meal. She received him with the old friendliness and chatted away as gaily and simply as in the May-time of their love, when they—"as little brother and sister"—had gone wheeling together. But, in spite of her frank friendliness, the good Franz Xaver was not quite at ease and could not bring to utterance the important question which was at his tongue's end. At ten o'clock she begged him to go home. It was her bed time, she said, and she yawned to emphasize the fact.

"Are you not well, dear Lilli?" he asked, "that you go to bed so early?"

"O, I am very well, thank God," answered Lilli, "but I have worked hard to-day. I want to get up early to-morrow, that I may have at least an hour to myself. It is the only time that I can read."

"Hm. So, then, good-night, dear Lilli. "He took her hand and held it fast while he looked searchingly into her face.

"Why do you look at me so, Xaverl?"

"It seems to me that the hard work agrees with you. I mean that you have grown heavier lately," said he and reddened like a young girl at his words. "Or is it only that you always wear loose gowns now?"

She looked, smiling, into his eyes, and shook her finger at him.

"Confess, sir; you do not venture to say it right out: the ladies have been gossiping a little about me."

"Is it true, Lilli?" he asked, timidly.

She nodded and said, reddening for a moment, "Hm, yes—the last of May I expect it."

Without waiting to be invited, he seated himself again, smoothing his trousers over his knees in his embarrassment. "So it is true! So—so—the last of May?" He counted on his fingers: "May, April, March, February, January, December, November, October, September—the beginning of September? He drew a long breath and then came a helpless look up into her face and he pointed with a questioning look to himself.

She shook her head, smiling.

"No?" he cried, and sighed—a deep, deep sigh.

Then she seated herself on his knee, for the first time since their parting in the summer, stared for a long time at her finger-tips and at last said, flushing deeply: "You must really not ask me about that, Xaverl. I am having this child quite for myself. And no man is to be considered in regard to it."

"But, Lilli!" he cried aloud and almost let her fall from his knees, in his alarm. She stood up, shrugged her shoulders, turned away from him and just looked up for a moment, with a sweet child look, at her copy of the Madonna on the wall—the poor Madonna, with the nose that would never come right.

They were both quiet for a long while. The artist thoughtfully rubbed his forehead with his thumb and she timidly awaited his sentence. At last Franz Xaver found words.

"You know, little woman, I don't reproach you; that would be too stupid—but it is all so strange . . . O dear, O dear! the creature must have a father, anyway."

"Why?" answered Lilli, simply, "I can bring it up myself."

"Yes. But where will you go with it? You can't possibly keep it here?"

"But I certainly shall keep it here."

"But Lilli—your reputation, your business!"

"That is all the same to me. If the ladies will have no gowns from an *atelier* with a child, all right—then I tie up my bundle and move to Berlin or to Vienna. They may have some need of me there. I will not trust the poor little thing to any indifferent person. O no! You know me very little if you think that; the child stays with me and I will be a good mother to it, even if it means my ruin."

He stood up and seized both her hands. "Dear Lilli," said he, with a tremor in his voice, "you are a brave little woman, I reverence you! If you ever need a helper, if the battle ever becomes too hard for you, count on me. My child or not, I stand by you. And God help you, dear Heart."

He kissed both hands and then went quickly away, that she might not see the tears in his eyes.

The last of April Lilli von Robiceck disappeared from Munich. All the world knew why. And early in July she came home again and presented to her *directrice* and her five seamstresses—she had sent away half the work-people before her journey—a tiny little girl as her child. The *directrice* gave notice at once, for she was a moral person, and the five seamstresses were divided on two sides for and against their employer. For her were the four who also had a child, and against her the one who had none. But she was at last persuaded to remain, for it flattered her pride to bloom as the one lily in all this mud.

As Lilli had been forced to leave the church in order to secure a divorce from her husband, the child was not baptized; but soon after her homecoming the mother invited her dear friends to a little celebration. Here Lilli the Second—for so she had named the little daughter, that no one might be compromised—was formally, and with no little emotion, welcomed to the free society of a new little world of people who, while not claiming to be "beyond good and bad," would fain be beyond all loveless prejudices.

The ladies who came to order their summer gowns could often hear the strong cry of the new Lilli, and their amazed questioning brought always the ready answer: "Yes, that is my child. Excuse me for a few minutes. I nurse her myself."

And when the ladies in their bewilderment, exclaimed: "But it is so long since your separation from your husband!" Lilli would say, smiling: "Yes, it is, thank God, not from Herr von Robiceck. I do not see why a woman like me, quite self-dependent, may not also have a child, quite for herself, about which no one need talk."

There were ladies who, after such an astounding declaration, took their work elsewhere. But there were also others, who now, for the first time, visited the famous *atelier*. From the Society for the Evolution of the Feminine Psyche came women eager to avail themselves of the inventive genius of this poet of costumes, to devise new wrappings for New Women. In the eyes of the very women who had once refused her admittance to their circle, Lilli von Robiceck, as a mother, had become a heroine and her child a symbol: it was the New Child. She received enthusiastic letters from eager young girls, ready to throw off all fetters. And even gray-haired priestesses of the new religion of the emancipation of women, like the Baroness Grötzinger, offered her their friendship. The costumes ordered by these new friends were, indeed, less costly, but more latitude in originality was permitted and that was also a good advertisement. The dull season brought little income, but by the advent of the Fall opening most of the customers had abandoned the attempt to poise themselves on their moral standpoint. They preferred the more solid ground of the fact that nowhere could one be so well gowned as in the *atelier* on Adelgunt street. And so most of them returned—also the *directrice*. The business flourished and the child flourished and friendship flourished. Yes, friendship should endure forever and ever. Werner Rudolfi had made an attempt to persuade Lilli to marry him, believing it in the interest of his honored friend that her little daughter should be called Lilli Rudolfi—but the mother's refusal was prompt and decided, albeit full of friendliness. Whereupon the excellent fellow had packed his travelling bag with a tooth brush and change of linen and gone on a little journey with Franz Xaver Pirngruber. The two men had felt wonderfully drawn to each other in these last weeks.

* * *

Perhaps we are all, at times, somewhat theory-fagged; and the charm of this story of a girl's evolution is heightened, for us, by our weariness. For this life structure rears itself after no formal architectural plans. And neither motherhood or character-building or the value and dignity of self-maintaining are held up as narrow ideals to be strained after at any sacrifice of personality. All that came to Lilli von Robiceck was spontaneous and inevitable. The later and costlier satisfactions waited for her in their strength of patience. The frost may kill the first leaves,—pleasant and fair with the springtime,—but the tree has its hidden sources of new being and growth. This young girl could not easily let herself die.

Living gaily in the consciousness of an easy power, tasting delicately, daintily, its first-fruits,—adulation homage, preferment,—there came to Lilli von Robiceck a slow, brutal awakening to *all* that "the call of woman to man" involves: to the fact that sex is an attribute of the ignoble as of the noble and that beauty is an allurement to the one as to the other. Out of this experience grew a rebellious hatred of *all* feeling that is touched by sex. But then came the dawning of a great yearning for motherhood. And there followed the gift of friendship and "the new life of faith,—not the faith once taught her by the priest, but a belief in the possibilities of good in the hearts of men, and acceptance of the beauty of that great passional impulse through which the splendor of *all* nature untiringly renews itself, from everlasting to everlasting." And last came belief in a self-power and dominion that is reached only through difficulty and struggle and hardship. And so—though not without "striving and striving," as the best things must often be reached—did Lilli von Robiceck come into her own.

Impressions.

[Charles Erskine Scott Wood in "The Pacific Monthly."]

ANARCHY.

The Civic Improvement Society is a good instance of an Anarchistic institution. It has no authority of law. Its treasury is from the contributions of those interested, and it is doing better work than any half-dead organization existing merely by force of law and supplied by enforced taxes, fruitful of graft.

One of the insuperable obstacles it finds is the ugly billboard which, entrenched in its legal rights, sits by the wayside in tatters and exhibits its sores to the passers-by. A hideous blue and yellow one has crept up along the Willamette, and soon we may expect to see the beautiful river walled in by nightmares. The correction of this, as the real correction of every evil, must be not in law, but in the people themselves. If the masses of the people so appreciated beauty and dignity and fitness as to boycott every

advertiser who thrust himself into notice by these monstrosities, the advertiser would find that he was doing himself harm rather than good. And in the more civilized communities this is beginning to be so. People are learning to esteem both the advertiser and the man who rents his land for this purpose as "hoodlums."

James Ford, an old hermit who desired to live alone in the woods and on vegetable diet, has been arrested by the police as a vagrant. He is admittedly harmless, and, so far as disclosed, is sane; but it shocked the police that a man should live so far from saloons and in such an uncomfortable way. Under the principles of Anarchy, this man, so long as he did not steal or hurt any one, would be allowed to live his own life as he pleased, whether it pleased the police or not. Come to think of it, he would have been allowed to do so in the middle ages.

Ford said in the police court:

"I have lived here since Christmas, and have interfered with no one. I lived here because I wanted to get away from men, and live alone, where I could meditate and think of the things of which I wanted to think without molestation and interference. I believe that man should live alone, and that he should live as close to nature as possible. I think that your interference was caused by the church people, who do not like the way I live and the way I worship."

Thank God this is a free country! Poor Thoreau at Walden; if only the Portland police had found him!

The only well-cared-for streets in Chicago are kept clean by private subscriptions from persons interested in such streets. This leads the "Tribune" of that city to suggest that a police force employed by the interested sections might be efficient in preventing the hold-ups and assaults which disgrace the city. Possibly the "Tribune" would be shocked to know that both the street-cleaning plan and the proposed police plan are tainted with that horrible word "Anarchy," which the ignorant press has taught the ignorant mob to believe is club law, with bomb and bonfire attachment, and has thus prevented the proper discussion of that best of all theories of orderly society, the Anarchistic one—which aims at self-help in the community by a voluntary co-operation of the persons interested, not that the community shall be the prey of a governing and grafting class called politicians, enforcing taxes and special privileges for their own wasteful and predatory purposes.

* * *

CHICAGO AND STREET CARS.

For this victory of the people, I am glad and sorry—glad because it serves to settle the right idea in the minds of the people that every monopolistic privilege held by a private corporation is held in trust for the people and upon condition that it must be efficiently and fairly administered and that, if it be not, the trustees will be ousted.

Any economic monopoly is tyranny; greater or less tyranny as it covers a general necessity or only a luxury. And, therefore, the declaration of the common law against monopolies is nothing more than a statement that "self preservation is the first law of nature." The masses must either deny the right to law-protected monopolies or they must be enslaved; for he controls a man's life who controls the means whereby he lives. Whatever makes the people see that they are the real and final owners of the economic monopolies is good. But to take the actual operations of these industries into the realm of American politics, wherein dwell the district boss, the ward heeler, the political tout and the scout, the big and the little grafter, is bad. Our system of politics is such that ultimate power lies with the voting majority. The real power lies with the men who make politics a business. Most of them are in that business for profit. Some take for their reward power and honors, some take money, some take both, for it is considered honest (as politics go) to take what belongs to the public. It is not like robbing any one flesh and blood man.

The general public is common prey for the political machine and the corporations with needs or desires. To turn over a street car system or any other industry to politics is to simply make politics more paying; therefore, more powerful and necessarily to exact political efficiency from employes rather than industrial efficiency. I would always leave the properties, for actual management, in private hands upon condition that, when any responsible parties offered under sufficient guaranties better service or lower rates, the existing management must meet the bid or be dismissed from control. By some such process, we would have the beneficial ownership in the public and the operative ownership in private hands. It will be found that Chicago's politics are not Glasgow's politics. Chicago and its mass of voters have practically absolute powers. Glasgow has not.

* * *

IS IGNORANCE PURITY?

R. P. Goodwin, law officer of the post-office department, has pronounced this judgment: "Any and all discussion upon the sex question is obscene, and so unmailable. The only occasion for any talk of such matters is in the private conversation of physicians with patients."

In order that this Dogberry may not be unnoticed, I will myself write him down an Ass—"All discussion of the sex question is obscene"—a Daniel come to judgment! O wise young judge! To the pure all thing are impure. Sex is a disgrace. The mystery of life and creation are to be blushed for and not discussed. Motherhood is vulgar, ignorance is purity, knowledge which may save health and happiness is a vulgar, obscene thing. God was obscene when he made us male and female. We must ignore it; it is purity to remain ignorant; it is obscene to know. Dogberry Goodwin, you did not need a clerk. You have written yourself down an Ass.

The censorship of the mails by such Dogberrys as Goodwin suggests whether we do not lose infinitely more in the blunting of our Anglo-Saxon sense of personal freedom than we gain by the protection of even sensible execution of censorship laws.

Of the same nature was the breaking into a hotel in Portland by the police and the arrest for gambling of a party of friends who were playing poker. It was their own private game in the room of one of their number. The entry and arrests were outrages. A man's room in his hotel is his house. His private morals are his own affair.

Some of the enthusiastic and tyrannous good believe they have a mission to regulate the universe—but we lose more by these trespasses on personal freedom than we can possibly gain.

* * *

THE STATE AS A BARBER.

The Oregon barber commission refused a man over eighty years of age a license to ply his trade, and so he went to the poorhouse, protesting that, as he could read without glasses, he could see to shave, and that there were people who were willing to patronize him, and that, if permitted to do so, he could earn his own living. Why shouldn't he be permitted to try? Why shouldn't those who are willing to trust their chins to him have that privilege? Whose business is it? Surely only his and his patrons'. When is there to be a stop to this paternalistic and socialistic attending to other people's business?

To Boston Anarchists.

There will be a class for study of sociology in connection with the Social Science Club. The class will meet Sundays, during 3 or 4 months in winter. Public meeting of the Club will be announced later. It is hoped that any who neglected to send in their names and who failed to attend the class of last winter, will not fail this time to send names and addresses to me, and get what information they may want. Place of meeting is not yet decided, and is dependent upon size of class.

A. H. SIMPSON.

18 Huntington Avenue, Boston.

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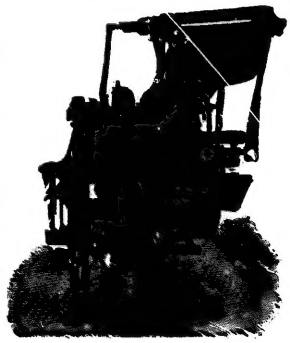

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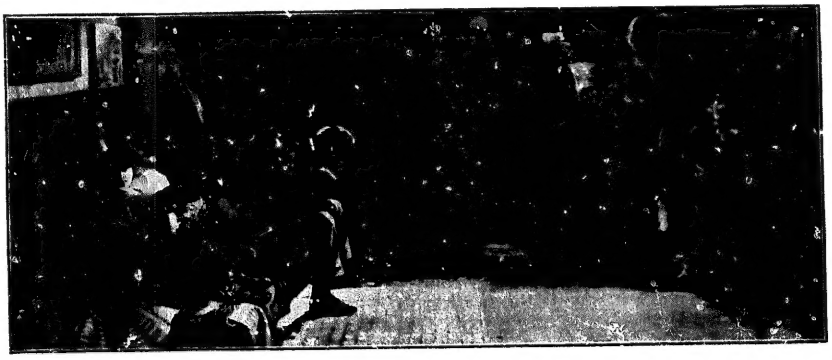

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